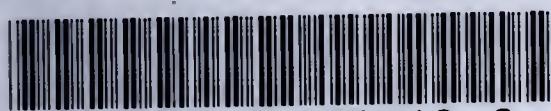


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POLYGLOT OPERA.

H. M. S.

# PINAFORE.

(COMIC OPERA BY GILBERT & SULLIVAN.)

BURLESQUE TRANSLATION

— IN —

Pennsylvania German,

— BY —

Alf. Chas. Moss and Ellwood L. Newhard.

ALLENTOWN, PA.:  
ALLEN W. HAINES, PRINTER, LYRIC BUILDING.  
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 Burlesque Translation of  
**"PINAFORE,"**  
 IN PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN.

**CARROLL E. MACOMBER,** - - - - - **Musical Director**  
**ELLWOOD L. NEWHARD,** - - - - - **Stage Manager**

**CAST OF CHARACTERS.**

<b>SIR JOSEPH PORTER,</b>	- - -	<b>MR. ELLWOOD L. NEWHARD</b>
(The Dutch Admiral.)		
<b>CAPTAIN CORCORAN</b>	.....	<b>MR. CARSON W. MASTERS</b>
(Commanding Officer H. M. S. Pinfore.)		
<b>RALPH RACKSTRAW</b>	.....	<b>MR. HARRY S. SNYDER</b>
(The Sailor who loves the Lass.)		
<b>DICK DEADEYE</b>	.....	<b>MR. E. G. HEDDEN</b>
(Not pleasant to look at.)		
<b>BILLY BOBSTAY</b>	.....	<b>MR. CHAS. W. SHIFFERT</b>
(Boatswain.)		
<b>BOB BECKET</b>	.....	<b>MR. WILLIAM PFEIFFER</b>
(Boatswain's Mate.)		
<b>JOSEPHINE,</b>	- - -	<b>MRS. ROBERT JAMES BERGER</b>
(The Captain's Daughter.)		
<b>HEBE</b>	.....	<b>MRS. MALCOLM METZGER</b>
(First Cousin to Sir Joseph.)		
<b>LITTLE BUTTERCUP</b>	.....	<b>MISS R. ANNA SCHULER</b>
(A Bumboat Woman.)		
<b>TOM TUCKER</b>	.....	<b>MASTER JOHN LIVINGOOD</b>
(Midship-mite.)		

**MARINES.**

<b>MR. A. N. LINDENMUTH.</b>	<b>MR. JOSEPH NOBLE.</b>	<b>MR. CHAS. REICHARD.</b>
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**SAILORS AND MARINES.**

Mr. Ray C. Keiser	Mr. R. L. Ressler	Mr. Walter Hunsicker	Mr. Winfield E. Newhard
Geo. J. Ritter	Will Stahler	Howard Fry	H. E. Marsh
H. S. Hoxworth	Britain G. Roth	Charles L. Amey	I. J. Iredell
Robert Newhard	LaRoy Helfrich	Howard W. Diehl	Charles W. Wolf
Frank F. Hagenbuch	Charles Lutte	Charles Snyder	Charles Claus
Alfred S. Hartzell	Geo. W. Wolf	Claude R. Allenbach	

**SISTERS, COUSINS AND AUNTS.**

Miss Edith C. Biery	Miss Bessie Weiss	Miss Mary Seaman	Miss Marion Schuler
Mamie Beitler	Mabel A. Newhard	Dorothy Wright	Gertrude Wagner
Annie I. Hartzell	Bessie Gerner	Ollie Goad	Elsie Holben
Edna A. Bachman	Carrie Siegfried	Annie Belford	Effie Bates
Sophie E. Neuweiler	Elsie Turner	Louise Hartshaw	Florence Crader
		Miss Libbie F. Newhard.	

**SCENE—Quarter-Deck of H. M. S. Pinfore.**

**ACT I.—Noon.**

**ACT II.—Night.**

# “H. M. S. PINAFORE,”

—ODER—

## Das Mædle und Ihr Sailor Kerl,

’N translation sum demi bekannte Opera.

In Pennsylfanish Deutsch, . . . bei ALF. C. MOSS.

### ACT I.

SCENE.—Deck of H. M. S. Pinafore. View of Portsmouth in the distance. Sailors led by Boatswain discovered cleaning brass work, splicing rope, &c.

#### OPENING CHORUS.

Mir fahren auf der meer.  
Unser schiff is shay und shsteady;  
M'r drinken nix oss beer,  
Und m'r sinn aw immer ready.  
Wo's fech'terei iss sinn mir sphry.  
Und mach't der feind es fiehle;  
Und won's ferhei iss, tzimlich glei  
Gebt's zeit genuk f'r shpiela.

(Enter Little Buttercup with Basket.)

#### RECIT.

BUTT.—Hello! ihr shiffleit—kennen ’r nimmie hara?  
SAILORS.—(rushing towards her.) Hello! glaene  
Buttercup.  
BUTT.—Waving them back.) Nun, sagen mir: Hen  
ihr betzawlsdawg kertzlich kotta?  
SAILORS.—Airsht geshta.  
BUTT.—(advancing) Sell suit mich gude.  
So kummen g'schwind dohaer,  
Do kennen ’r hendich all euer geld setzahra.

#### GESANG—LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

Sie haves mich Buttercup—shay glaene Buttercup,  
Und ich waiss gaw net warrum;  
Doch bin ich die Buttercup—orum glay Butte:cup.  
Zu euer Butter up kum.  
Hab duwok un shella, und shayna korrella,  
Und messer und watcha und sheer;  
Und hingle und brillia, und zucker und pilla,  
Das kennt ihr oll koffa sun mir.  
Hab matches und taffy, bolognies und koffe,  
Und na-gel und frische pork chops,  
Hab schnitz und kaduffla, und cigar und ruffla,  
Und nummer ains peppermint drops.  
Dann kost sum euer Buttercup—shay glaene Buttercup  
Zu euer Buttercup kum.

BOS’N—Vell, little Buttercup, bisht du ols noch ledich?  
Du gukst yust so yung und shmart und shay  
os wie olfort.

We sail the ocean blue,  
And our saucy ship's a beauty,  
We're sober men and true,  
And attentive to our duty.  
When the halls whistle free over the bright blue sea  
We stand to our guns all day;  
When at anchor we ride on the Pourtsmouth tide.  
We have plenty of time to play.

(Enter Little Buttercup with Basket.)

#### RECIT.

Hall, men-o'-war's men—safeguards of your nation,  
Here is an end at last of all privation:  
You've got your pav—spare all you can afford  
To welcome Little Buttercup on board.

#### ARIA.

I'm called Little Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,  
Though I could never tell why;  
But still I'm called Buttercup—poor little Buttercup,  
Sweet Litt'e Buttercup, I.  
I've sunif and tobacco, and excellent jacky;  
I've scissors and watches and kniyes;  
I've ribbons and laces, to set off the faces  
Of pretty young sweethearts and wives.  
I've treacle and toffy, and excellent coffee,  
Soft tommy and succulent chops;  
I've chickens and conies, and pretty polonies,  
And excellent peppermint drops.  
Then buy of your Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,  
Sailors should never be shy.  
So buy of your Buttercup—dear little Buttercup,  
Come, of your Buttercup buy.

BOAT—Aye, Little Buttercup—and well called—for  
you're the rosiest, the roundest, and the reddest  
beauty in all Spithead.

LIT. B.—Yaw, aber kannst du mir sawga wass ess iss dos es hertz im kopf drawgt?

B S'N.—Well, nay, ich muss sawga ich lob noch net an so ebbes gedenkt.

DICK D.—Well—ich kann.

SAILORS.—(recoiling.) Du?

DICK.—Yaw—'N graut-kup.

SAILORS.—Um—m—m—m—m.

LIT. B.—Wass fehlt sella kerl? Iss er net g'sunt?

B S'N.—Du musht 'n net minda, er is olfot so—Er iss bissel drei-eckich.

LIT. B.—Well, ich set sheer denka. Aber wer kumt do?

BOS'N.—Sell iss der Relf Reckstraw, der besht kerl uff 'm shiff.

LIT. B.—Relf!—that name—remorse—remorse.  
[Enter Ralph.]

MADRIGAL.—THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.—Ralph.

Es tzipchia peift  
Und der boppagoi greisht zurick.  
Der Hawhia graeht  
Und der blo-sogle fresst der mik—  
Doch lieb ich sie.

CHORUS.—Doch lieb ich sie.

RALPH.—Es maedchen weint,  
Ihr liebenschatz kumt nicht mehr,  
Der shonsh'ay shmokt.  
Und der brunner is sheer gaw lehr—  
CHO.—Doch lieb ich sie.

RECIT.

RALPH.—Ich glaub wohl buwa os ihr's recht,  
Doch my undankbarkeit 'r misst net ferdenga  
Wann lieb und leida bot des herz verbrech!  
Ich lieb, ja wohl, ich lieb der Cap sei tochd'r.

BUT.—Er liebt—yaw wohl, er liebt der Cap sei tochd'r.

SAILORS.—Er liebt—yaw wohl, etc.

BALLAD.—A MAIDEN FAIR TO SEE.—Ralph.

Sie iss'n maedle shay,  
Demuethis, gude und glay,  
Der shensht zu mei'm gewissa;  
Und ich'n or'mer drup,  
Mit net fiehl in der kup,  
Und gaw ken gelt im kossa

SAILORS.—Er hut ken gelt im kossa.

Doch habe ich's uff mich  
genomma, krestiglich  
Der Liebe in mei herz zu plantza :—  
Weiss wohl es bot mich nix,  
My lieb iss in 'ra fix—  
Ich kann ken horn pipe danza.

SAILORS.—Er kann ken hornpipe danza.

Ich bin net awrig g'scheit.  
Mei larlung geht net weit.—  
(Der Liebe war schul'mayshter,)  
Sie herschet mir in's herz,  
Mit sorga und mit schmerz,  
Der Cap sei shayne tochd'r.

B S'N.—Ah! du or'mer drup, du groddel'sht zu hoch;  
sie hiaert dich net.

DICK.—Nay, des dut sie net.

SAILORS.—Shem dich doch!

RALPH.—Deadeye, du bisht'n bopplemoul.

DICK.—Relf, wos fehlt di naws. [Enter Captain.]

BUT.—Red, am I? and round? and rosy? May be, for I have dissembled well. But, hark ye, my merry friend, hast ever thought that beneath a gay and frivolous exterior there may lurk a canker worm which is slowly, but surely, eating its way into one's very heart?

BOAT.—No, my lass; I can't say I've ever thought that.

DICK.—I have thought it often.

BUR.—Yes; you look like it. What's the matter with the man? Is'n he well?

BOAT.—Don't take no heed of HIM, that's only poor Dick Deadeye.

DICK.—I say—it's a beast of a name, ain't it—Dick Deadeye.

BUT.—It's not a nice name.

DICK.—I am ugly too, ain't I?

BUT.—You are certainly plain.

DICK.—And I am three-cornered too, ain't I?

BUT.—You are rather triangular.

DICK.—Ha! ha! That's it. I'm ugly, and they hate me.

RECIT.

BUT.—But, tell me—who's the youth whose faltering feet

With difficulty bear him on his course?

BOAT.—That is the smartest lad in the fleet—  
Ralph Rackstraw!

BUT.—Ha! that name! Remorse! remorse!

MADRIGAL.—THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

The Nightingale  
Loved the pale moon's bright ray,  
And told his tale  
In his own melodious way!

He sang, "Ah, well-a-day!"

CHO.—He sang, "Ah, well-a-day!"

RECIT.

I know the value of a kindly chorus,  
But choruser yield little consolation,  
When we have pain and sorrow too before us!  
I love—and love, alas, above my station!

BUT.—(aside.) He loyes—and loves a lass above his station!

ALL.—(aside.) Yes; yes; the lass is much above his station.

BALLAD.—A MAIDEN FAIR TO SEE.—Ralph.

A maiden fair to see,  
The pearl of minstrelsy,  
A bud of blushing beauty,  
For whom proud nobles sigh,  
And with each other vie

To do her menial's duty,  
To do her menial's duty.

A suitor, lowly born,  
With hopeless passion torn,  
And poor beyond concealing,  
Has dared for her to pine  
At whose exalted shrine

A world of wealth is kneeling!  
A world of wealth is kneeling!

Unlearned he in aught  
Save that which love has taught  
(For love has been his tutor);  
Oh, pity, pity me—

Our captain's daughter she,  
And that lowly suitor!

And I that lowly suitor!

BOAT.—Ah, my poor lad, you've climbed too high;  
our worthy captain's child won't have nothin' to say  
to a poor chap like you. Will she, lads?

DICK.—No, no; captain's daughters don't marry foremast jacks.

ALL.—(recoiling.) Shame! shame!

DICK.—Mark my words.

CAPT. My gallant crew—good morning.

SAILORS. Guda morryea. (Sir, good morning.)

CAPT. I hope you are all quite well,

SAILORS. All g'sunt—und du Cap. (All well—and you, sir.)

CAPT. I am in reasonable health and happy

To meet you all once more.

SAILORS. Unser ganze achtung. (You do us proud, sir.)

### SONG.—CAPTAIN.

CAPT.—I am the captain of the "Pinafore!"

ALL. Und 'n nummer ains Cap. bisht du. (And a right good captain too.)

CAPT. You're very, very good,

And be it understood,

I command a right good crew.

ALL. Dankeshoen, dabei. (We're very, very good.)

Muss ess gude fershtana sei (And be it understood.)

Oss er hut 'n first rate crew. (He commands a right good crew.)

CAPT. Though related to a peer,

I can hand, reef and steer,

And ship a salvage;

I am never known to quail

At the fury of a gale,

And I'm never, never sick at sea.

ALL. Was; gaw net! (What, never?)

CAPT. Nay; gaw net. (No; never!)

ALL. Wass GAW NET? (What, NEVER?)

CAPT. Well, sheer gar net. (Hardly ever!)

ALL. He's hardly ever sick at sea!

Then give three cheers, and one cheer more

For the hardy captain of the "Pinafore!"

CAPT.—I do my best to please you all—

ALL. Und mir sin mit dir content. (And with you we're quite content.)

CAPT. You're exceedingly polite,  
And I think it only right  
To return the compliment,

ALL. Mir sinn iveraus polite. (We're exceedingly polite,  
Und er mennt es wer yust right. [And he thinks it only right  
Wen er mis aw compliment. (To return the compliment.)

CAPT. Bad language or abuse,  
I never, never use,  
Whatever the emergency;  
Though "bother it," I may  
Occasionally say,  
I never use a big, big D—

ALL. Was gar net? (What; never!)

CAPT. Nay, (No, never!)

ALL. Wass, gar net? (What, NEVER?)

CAPT. Well, sheer gar net. (Hardly ever.)

ALL. Hardly ever swears a big big D—

Then give three cheers, and one cheer more  
For the well bred captain of the "Pinafore!"

[Exit all but Captain.

CAPT. (solus.) Es blegt mich der ganza dawg 'n nagel im shoo. 'Mol sehna ep ich 'n 'net rous griega kann.  
[Enter Josephine.

### BALLAD.—JOSEPHINE.

Thraenen und leid sinn'so der Liebe,  
Schwer ist 'es heiz oss host ohn hoffnung,  
Krißlich die seifzer shteigen auf.  
Tief sum dem Herz der Lieb bet्रebet  
Tief iss das elend und heftig die noth  
Won Liebe erwecket und hoffnung ist tod.

Kald ist der tag won's scheint ken sun;  
Dunkel der nacht wo's blickt ken mond;  
Feicht ist die Erd wen die Wolga weindn,  
Und shay die shtund die sterne scheinen.  
Tief iss das elend, etc.

Sorry her lot who loves too well,  
Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly,  
Sad are the sighs that own the spell,  
Uttered by eyes that speak too plainly;  
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head  
When love is allye and hope is dead!

Sad is the hour when sets the sun—  
Dark is the night to earth's poor daughters,  
When to the ark the wearied one  
Flies from the empty waste of waters!  
Heavy the sorrow etc.

CAPT. Tochd'r, wass iss letz. Du husht mir so awrig  
fun der Liebe g'sunga, ess iss mir bang du denksht  
shun an die buwa.

Jos. Oh, wass sul ich sawga.

CAPT. Now, 's iss net d'wart oss du in a hurry bisht  
dot d'wega. ich will dir shun 'n mon rous picka  
won's tzeit kummt.

Jos. Dawdy, ich hab shun aner rous gepicked.

CAPT. Der DAUZIG!

Jos. Nay, aber'n kommona sailor uf dei'm egena  
shiff.

CAPT. Und mensht du wetsht ihn hiara.

Jos. Net bis er mich frawgt.

CAPT. My gehorsames kind.

Jos. My guda dawdy. (they embrace.)

Jos. Ah, father, your words cut me to the quick. I  
can esteem—reverence—venerate Sir Joseph, for he  
is a great and good man; but oh, I cannot love him!  
My heart is already given.

CAPT. (aside.) It is then as I feared. (Aloud.) Given?  
And to whom? Not to some gilded lordling?

Jos. No, father—the object of my love is no lordling.  
Oh, pity me, for he is bue a humble sailor on board *T*  
your own ship.

CAPT. Impossible!

Jos. Yes, it is true—too true! *t*

CAPT. A common sailor! oh, fie!

Jos. Fear not, father; I have a heart, and therefore I  
love; but I am your daughter, and therefore I am  
proud. Though I carry my love with me to the tomb,  
he shall never, never know it.

CAPT. You ARE my daughter, after all.

Jos. My own thoughtful father. *f*

### BARCAROLE.—(Invisible.)

Ueber das grosser wasser  
Kumt der Josef Borter, K. C. B.,  
Doch mawg er geh wohie er will.  
Kracnen die grosse flinte shtill.  
Greish ueber das grosse wasser  
For der Josef Borter, K. C. B.

[During this the crew have entered on tiptoe, listening  
attentively to the song.]

Do kumt der olt Sir Jo,  
Mit 'n boat-load harlich weibsleid.  
Nun laszt uns danzen s',  
Und singen wie net recht g'scheit.  
Mir fahren auf der say,  
Unser shift iss shay uud shteady,  
Mir trinken uix oss TAY,  
Und mir sinn aw immer ready.

CAPT. My child, I grieve to see that you are a prey  
to melancholy. You should look your best to-day,  
for Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., will be here this af-  
ternoon to claim your promised hand

### BARACOLE.—(Invisible.)

Over the bright blue sea  
Comes Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.,  
Wherever he may go  
Bang-bang the loud nine pounders go!  
Shout o'er the bright blue sea  
For Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.! *c*

[During this the crew have entered on tiptoe, listening  
attentively to the song.]

### CHORUS OF SAILORS.

Sir Joseph's barge is seen  
And his crowd of blushing beauty,  
We hope he'll find us ci-an  
And attentive to our duty.  
We're smart and sober men,  
And quite devoid of fe-ar.  
In all the Royal N.  
None are so smart as we are.

Enter Sir Joseph's Female Relatives. They dance round the stage.

REL. Gavly tripping,  
Lightly skipping,  
Flock the maidens to the shipping.

SAILORS. Flieg der iumpa sum der fenshter. (Flags and guns and pennants dipping!)  
Laszt uns froehlich sei im ernster. (All the ladies love the shipping.)

REL. Sailors sprightly,  
Always rightly.  
Welcome ladies so politely.

SAILORS. Weibsleid oss so haerlich singen. (Ladies who can smile so brightly.)  
Werden lusht und freude bringen. (Sailors welcome most politely.)

(Enter Sir Joseph.)

CAPT. Do kumt der Jo; now geb drei cheers. (Now give three cheers; I'll lead the way,  
Hurray! hurray! hurray!)

### SONG.—SIR JOSEPH.

SPOK N.—Ich hab so'n holve notion--das--

Ich bin der kaynich sum der meer,  
Das grosse shiff ich steer,  
Die gabze welt iss mich bekannt.

I am the monarch of the sea,  
The ruler of the Queen's Navee!  
Whose praise Great Britain loudly champs.

HEBE. Und mir sin sei schweshter und sei cousins und  
sei aunts.

And we are his sisters, and his cousins and his aunts

REL. Und mir sin, etc.

And we are his sisters, etc.

SIR JOSEPH Ven at enker hère I ride  
My bozzum swells mit bprise;  
Und I snap my fingers on der foeman's taunts.

HEBE. Und so could sei schweshter und sei cousins und sei aunts.

REL. Und so thun sei schweshter, etc.

SIR JO. Und wen dot breezes blow  
I generally gone below  
Und seek dot exclusion vot a kabin grants.

HEBE. Und so thun sei schweshter, und sei cousins und sei aunts.

CHORUS. Und so thun sei schweshter, etc.

Sei schweshter und sei cousins  
Oss er izahla kann bei dutzens,  
Une sei aunts.

(His sisters and his cousins,)  
(Whom he reckons up by dozens,  
And his aunts.

SONG.—SIR JOSEPH.

(Dialect German.)

When I was a lad I served a term  
As office boy to an attorney's firm.  
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,  
And I polished the handle of the big front door.  
I polished up the handle so carefulee.  
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee.

CHORUS. He polished, etc.

As office boy I made such a mark,  
That they gave me the post of a junior clerk.  
I served the writs with a smile so bland,  
And I copied all the letters in a big, round hand;  
I copied all the letters in a hand so free,  
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS. He copied, etc.

In serving writs I made such a name,  
That an articled clerk I soon became;  
I wore clean collars and a bran new suit,  
For to pass examination at the institute.  
And that pass examination did so well for me,  
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS. And that pass examination, etc.

Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip,  
That they took me into partnership.  
And that junior partnership, I ween,  
Was the only ship that I ever had seen,  
But that kind of a ship so suited me,  
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS. But that kind, etc.

I grew so rich that I was sent  
By a pocket borough into Parliament.  
I always voted at my party's call,  
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.  
I thought so little they rewarded me  
By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS. He thought so little, etc.

Now, landsmen all, whoever you may be,  
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,  
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,  
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule:  
Stick close to your desks, and never go to sea,  
And you all may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS. Stick close, etc.

SIR JO. Die buwa guken tzimlich sowa d'moyra.

CAPT. It is a fine crew, Sir Joseph.

SAILORS. (saluting.) Dankeshoen.

SIR JO. A British sailor is a splendid fellow, Captain Corcoran.

SIR JO. Sie sin feina kerls.

CAPT. A splendid fellow, indeed, Sir Joseph.

SAILORS. (salute.) Unser ganze achtung.

SIR JO. I hope you treat your crew kindly, Captain Corcoran.

SIR JO. Dusht sie gude treata.

CAPT. Indeed, I hope so, Sir Joseph.

SAILORS. (sing) "M'r drinken nix oss tay.

SIR JO. Never forget that they are the bulwarks of England's greatness, Captain Corcoran.

SIR JO. Was; gaw net?

CAPT. So I have always considered them, Sir Joseph.

SAILORS. emphatically.) Nay—

SIR JO. You've a remarkably fine crew, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. (suppressing them. 'Sh—'sh—h—h!—  
(leads Sir Jo. to front and whispers,) Ols a' mol.

SIR JO. So-o-o-o. Sawg seiler kal sol mohl do raus kumma. (pointing in a general way to the sailors.)

CAPT. (puzzled, imitates his motion and says,) Sawg, du, kum mol do raus; der Jo will mit dir schwetza.

SAILORS. (not knowing which one is meant they all file up and surrounding Sir Jo., salute.) Ich bin do.

SIR JO. (furiously.) Zurick.

SAISORS, (retreat.) Ich bin zurick.

SIR JO. Ich hab sella kerl DAT gemehnt (pointing to Ralph.)

CAPT. Do, du grumnasicher; feesel di soula karper do funna.

RALPH. Was husht g'sawt?

CAPT. Wie mensht? Ich glaub ich fershtay dich net.

RALPH, Wonn ich so gude sei will.

CAPT. (angrily,) Was, du—

SIR JO. (rebuking.) Tut-tut-tut. Er hut recht. Wonn er so gude sei will.

CAPT. Hum—m—m! Wonn du so gude sei wit. (Ralph comes forward.)

SIR JO. For I hold dot on dem seas  
Dot expression "off you please;"  
A particularly gentlemanly tone implants.

COUSIN HEBE. Und so thun sei schweshter und sei cousins um sei aunts.

ALL. Sei schweshter und sei cousins  
Oss er tzahla kann bei dätzent, Und sei aunts.

SIR JO. Du bisht 'n first rater kerl; gella!

RALPH. Fallus dich d'ruf.

SIR JO. Kansht du danza?

RALPH. Nay, des kann ich net.

SIR JO. Du g'esht! Ei des iss 'n schond. Wart, ich will der mohl weissa wie mer's dut. (Sir Jo's dance.) Kansht du dann peifa.

RALPH. Yaw, aber ich hab mei musik d'haem g'lust.

SIR JO. Well do, nem dess (hands MSS.) und peif's won du tzeit husht

RALPH. Was husht g'sawgt?

SIR JO. Wie mensht? Ich glaub ich fershteh dich net.

RALPH. Wonn ich so gude sei will.

SAILORS. Er hut recht.

SIR JO. Hum—m—m? Wonn du so gude sei wit

SAILORS. For we hold that on the seas,  
The expression "if you please."  
A particularly gentlemanly tone implants,  
etc.

SIR JO. Capt. ess war mir geshta g'sawt du hetsht so'n shaene tochd'r. Iss es waer?

CAPT. Oh, hibsch, hibsch, sehr hibsch.

SIR JO. No bullying, I trust; no strong language of any kind, eh?

CAPT. Oh, never, Sir Joseph!

SIR JO. What, never?

CAPT. Hardly ever, Sir Joseph. They are an excellent crew, and do their work thoroughly without it.

SIR JO. (reproving.) Don't patronize them, sir—pray don't patronize them.

CAPT. Certainly not, Sir Joseph.

SIR JO. That you are their captain is an accident of birth. I cannot permit these noble fellows to be patronized because an accident of birth has placed you above them and them below you.

CAPT. I am the last person to insult a British sailor, Sir Joseph.

SIR JO. You are the last person who did, Captain Corcoran. Desire that fine seaman to step forward.

CAPT. Ralph Rackstraw come here.

RALPH. Beg pardon. If what, your honor?

CAPT. If what? I don't understand you.

RALPH. If you please, your honor.

CAPT. What!

SIR JO. The gentleman is quite right. If you please.

CAPT. If you please.

SIR JO. For I hold that on the seas  
The expression "if you please,"  
A particularly gentlemanly tone implants.

COUSIN HEBE. And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

ALL. And so do his sisters, and his cousins and his aunts.

SIR JO. You're a remarkably fine fellow.

RALPH. Yes, your honor.

SIR JO. And a first rate seaman, I'll be bound.

RALPH. There's not a smarter topman in the navy, your honor, though I say it who shouldn't.

SIR JO. Not at ail. Proper self respect, nothing more. Can you dance a hornpipe?

RALPH. No, your honor.

SIR JO. That's a pity. All sailors should dance hornpipes. I will teach you one this evening after dinner. Now tell me--don't be afraid--how does your captain treat you, eh?

RALPH. A better captain don't walk the deck, your honor.

ALL. Hear.

SIR JO. Good. I like to hear you speak well of your commanding officer; I dare say he don't deserve it, but still it does you credit. Can you sing.

RALPH. I can hum a little, your honor.

SIR JO. Then hum this at your leisure. Giving him Ms. music.

RALPH. If what? your honor.

SIR JO. If what? I don't think I understand you.

RALPH. If I please, your honor,

SAILORS. He is right. "If he pleases."

SIR JO. Hum—m—m. If you please.

SAILORS. For we hold that on the seas, etc.

SIR JO. Captain, a word with you in the cabin, on a tender and sentimental subject.

CAPT. Aye, aye, Sir Joseph.

SIR JO. Gukt sie wie ihre Papaw?

CAPT. Nay, gaw net.

SIR JO. (relieved.) Ah! dann kansht du sie officially informa das ich sie sehne will im kabin, und won sie mich suit du ich sie hiara naksht Sontag.

[Exit Sir Jo. and Capt.

[Exit Sir Jo. and Capt.

(Music preparatory to Glee.)

GLEE.

A British tar is a soaring soul  
As free as a mountain bird,  
His energetic fist should be ready to resist  
A dictatorial word.

His nose should pant and his lip shauld curl,  
His cheeks should fl-ine and his brow should furl,  
His bosom should heave and his heart should glow,  
And his fist be ever ready for a knock down blow.

CHORUS. His nose should pant, etc.

His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,  
His brow with scorn be wrung;  
He never should bow down to a domineering frown,  
Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.  
His foot should stamp and his throat should growl;  
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl;  
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,  
And this should be his customary attitude!

CHORUS. His foot should stamp, etc.

(All excepting Ralph, who remains, leaning pensively against bulwark.)

RALPH. Mei mind iss uff g'macht. Ich frag die Josephine d'r naksht mochl oss ich sie sehn. Ich bin yusht so gude oss anieha mann except der Jo.—der Jo. sech's yo selvet im des shtick oss er uff g'macht hut. und s'iss aw die wahheit. Ah! sie kumt!—Herz. mei herz. laszt no di ew'ge unruh. (retires back as Josephine enters.)

Jos. 'S'iss gaw net d'wart. ich kan der Jo. net gleicha. Der Pap het's of course. awrig gern oss mir hiara det'n. und ich det sheer ainich ebbes f'r der Dawdy zu obliga. aber DASS kann ich net; mei herz iss net mehr mein e genes. 'S'iss yusht a nawm oss mich tzittera macht. und dass is —Ralph. (Ralph approaches tenderly and deferentially, and overcome at her confession, takes her hand and says:

RALPH. Josephine. ich liebe dich! (Josephine looks startled a moment, but recovers herself and sternly repulses him.)

RALPH. My mind is made up. I will tell Josephine of the honest love I bear for her the next time I see her. Sir Jo. has explained our position in this song which he wrote. As he says a British sailor is any man's equal except his own. Ah! she comes. Heart, cease thy fluttering. (Retires up as Josephine enters.)

Jos. It is useless, Sir Joseph's attentions nauseate me. I know that he is a truly great and good man, but to me he seems tedious, fretful and dictatorial. Yet his must be a mind of no common order, or he would not dare to teach my dear father to dance a hornpipe on the cabin table. (Sees Ralph.) Ralph Rackstraw! Overcome by emotion.)

RALPH. Aye, lady, no other than poor Ralph Rackstraw.

Jos. (Aside.) How my heart beats! (Aloud) And why poor Ralph?

RALPH. I am poor in happiness, lady, rich only in unrest, in me there meet a combination of elements which are at eternal war with one another. Driven hither and thither wafted one moment into blazing day, by mocking hope, plunged the next into the darkness of despair. I am but a living embodiment of positive contradictions. I hope I make myself clear, lady.

Jos. Perfectly. (Aside) His simple eloquence goes to my heart. Oh, if I dared, but no, the thought is madness! (Aloud) Dismiss these foolish fancies, they torture you but needlessly. Come, make one effort.

RALPH. (Aside.) I will, one, (Aloud.) Josephine.

Jos. (Indignantly.) Sir!

RALPH. Josephine, I am a British sailor, and I love you.

Jos. Sir, this is audacity! (Aside.) Oh, my heart, my heart! (Aloud) Oh, sir, you forget the disparity in our ranks.

RALPH. I forget nothing, haughty lady. I love you desperately. Give me hope or drive me to despair. I have spoken, and I wait your word.

## DUETT.--JOSEPHINE AND RALPH.

Jos. Geh wek, du wieshta ding.  
 Du husht ken recht do,  
 Ferge s net wer ich binn,  
 Und wem da schwetsht zu.  
 (aside.) Doch lieb ich ihn fum herz und darf es gaw  
 net sawgn.  
 Mei leida und mei schmerz muss ich alanich  
 drawg + -  
 Ess i's mir bang das alend macht mich  
 mawga.  
 Sei gruma nos dut mich so awrig plaga.

RALPH. Stolz lady, wie du's husht--hard-herzig  
 beauty.  
 Du siwgst, also ich muss--ess iss' mei duty.  
 I·h bin 'n orner drup oss fahrt der wasser,  
 Und du mei maedle bisht der Cap. sei  
 toehd'r.  
 (aside.) Doch, kennt sie mich yusht gleicha waer ich  
 ganz zufiida.  
 Sie shput und lacht, doch muss ich sie mei  
 lieb owbida--  
 Fum noth und elend det ich sie b'heeta.  
 Und wie en airlich mensch ich det sie treata.

Jos. Dinos, die nos iss grum.

RALPH. Mei herz, mei herz iss grawt.

Jos. You shall not wait long. Your proffered love I  
 haughtily reject. Go, sir, and learn to cast your  
 eyes on some village maiden in your own poor rank  
 they should be lowered before your Cap's daughter.

## DUET.--JOSEPHINE AND RALPH.

Refrain, audacious tar,  
 Your suit from pressing;  
 Remember what y u are.  
 And whom addres singj  
 Proud lords do seek my hand,  
 In throngs as emble.  
 The loftiest in the land  
 Bow down and tremble!  
 I'd laugh my rank to scorn  
 In union holy.  
 Were he more highly born  
 Or I more lowly!  
 Proud lady, have your way.  
 Unfeeling beauty!  
 You speak and I obey--  
 It is my duty!  
 I am the lowliest tar  
 That sails the water.  
 And you, proud maiden, are  
 My captain's daughterj  
 My heart with anguish torn  
 Bows down before her:  
 She laughs my love to scorn,  
 Yet I adore her! [Exit Josephine.

RALPH. (Recit.) Can I survive this overbearing,  
 Or live a life of mad despairing,  
 My proffered love despised, rejected?  
 No, no; it's not to be expected!  
 (Calling off.)  
 Messmates, ahoy!  
 Come here! Come here!  
 Enter Sailors, Hebe and Relatives.

CHORUS. Yaw, mir sinn do.  
 Sinn do, sinn do,  
 Now sawg uns  
 G's ·hwind  
 Was hut sie g'sawt?

RALPH. (To cousin Hebe.)  
 Es maedel s eht sie wot mich net;  
 Sie kann mich giv net leida lady:  
 Mei gruma no- gukt sie deruff.  
 Und shickt mich der Sols Rever nuff.

ALL. Oh, cruel one!

DICK. Sie will dich net. Oho! Oho!  
 Ich hab dir g'sawt ess genkt dir so.

CHORUS. Mirshtanden's net. 'S'iss yo'n shond.  
 Lieb sumt zugleich zu niedrig und stolz.  
 Mir sinn all sowa, sober sailor leid.  
 Und missen mir es shtanda? Nay!

DICK. Ihr missen's shtanda, eb ihr wollen  
 Oder net. Oho! Oho!  
 'N lady sie--ich hab yo g'sawt  
 Ess genkt euch so.

RALPH. (drawing a pistol)  
 Mein freund der Tod es' hand mir rechtes,  
 Fur oh! mei herz--mei herz verbrechtes;  
 Won ich kabud bin, oh! sawgen sie  
 Wie ich g'liebet hat--nur sie.  
 (During chorus he has loaded pistol.)

ALL. Aye, aye, my boy,  
 What cheer, what cheer?  
 Now, tell us, pray,  
 Wi hout delay,  
 What does she say--  
 What cheer, what cheer?

RALPH. (To Cousin Hebe.)  
 The maiden treats my suit with scorn,  
 Rejects my humble love, my lady:  
 She says I am ignobly born,  
 And cuts my hopes adrift, my lady.  
 Oh! cruel one!

DICK. She spurns your suit? Oho! Oho!  
 I told you so, I told you so.

SAILORS AND RELATIVES  
 Shall we (they) submit? Are we (they) slaves?  
 Love comes alike to high and low;  
 You lowly toilers o' the waves.  
 And shall they stoop to insult? no!  
 DICK. You must submit, you are but slaves.  
 A lady she! Oho! Oho!  
 You lowly toilers of the waves,  
 She spurns you all—I told you so.

RALPH. (Drawing a pistol.)  
 My friends, my leave af life I'm taking,  
 For oh, for oh, my heart is breaking!  
 When I am gone, oh! prithee, tell  
 The maid that as I died, I loved her well!

ALL. (Turning away, weeping.)  
 Oh! life alas, his leave he's taking!  
 For ah! his faithful heart is breaking.  
 When he is gone, we'll surely tell  
 The maid that, as he died, he loved her well.  
 (During Chorus he has loaded pistol.)

RALPH. Nem warnung, kumraade all,  
Und bleiben immer led dich,  
Fur Josephine ich fal!  
(puts pistol to his head. Chorus stop their ears.)

(Enter Josephine.)

JOS. Sheese net—sheese net—ich lieb dich.

CHO. Sheese net—sheese net—sie liebt dich.

RALPH. (incredulously.) Liebt mich?

JOS. Liebt dich.

CHO. Yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw, sie liebt dich.

RALPH. Be warned, my messmates all  
Who love in rank above you.  
For Josephine I fall!

(puts pistol to his head. The sailors stop their ears.)

(Enter Josephine.)

JOS. Ah! stay your hand! I love you!

ALL. Ah! stay your hand! She loves you!

RALPH. (incredulously.) Loves me?

JOS. loves you.

ALL. Yes, yes; ah, yes! she loves you!

### ENSEMBLE.

#### SAILORS AND RELATIVES AND JOSEPHINE.

O joy! O rapture, unforeseen!  
For now the sky is all serene.  
The god of day, the orb of love,  
Has hung his ensign high above  
The sky is all ablaze.  
With wooing words and loving song,  
We'll chase the lagging hours along.  
And if { 1 find } the maiden coy.  
{ I'll } { We'll } murmur forth decorous joy  
In dreamy roundelays!

#### DICK DEADEYE.

Er mennt er het sei Josephine.  
Doch sinn sie all erbarmlich green.  
Es kumt 'n donnerschlag  
Und reis't der Liebe all zu nix.  
Der Captain hut 'n wort zu sawga—  
Sie missen airsht der Dawdy fraga  
Und wonn sie du'n—ich sawg's gewiss  
Das ganz unewa Liebe kumt in's ew'ge finsterni s

#### DICK DEADEYE.

He thinks he's won his Josephine,  
But though the sky is now serene.  
A frowning thunderbolt above  
May end their ill assorted love  
Which now is all ablaze.  
Our Captain, ere the day is gone,  
Will be extremely down upon  
The wicked men, who art employ  
To make his Josephine less coy  
In many various ways.

JOS. This very night,  
HEBE. With bated breath  
RALPH. And muffled oar,  
JOS. Without a light,  
HEBE. As still as death,  
RALPH. We steal ashore.  
JOS. A clergyman  
RALPH. Shall make us one  
BOAT. At half past ten,  
JOS. And then we can  
RALPH. Return, for none  
BOAT. Can part us then!  
ALL. This very night, etc.

Dick appears.

#### DICK.

Forbear, nor carry out the scheme you've planned,  
She is a lady—you a foremast hand!  
Remember, she's your gallant captain's daughter.  
And you the meanest slave that crawls the water!

ALL. Back, vermin back,  
Nor mock us!  
Back, vermin back,  
You shock us!  
Let's give three cheers for the sailor's bride  
Who casts all thought of rank aside—  
Who gives up home and fortune too  
For the honest love of a sailor true!  
For a British tar is a soaring soul  
As free as a mountain bird;  
His energetic fist should be ready to resist  
A dictorial word!  
His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,  
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl,  
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,  
And this should be his customary attitude.

## ACT II.

SAME SCENE.—Night. Captain discovered singing and accompanying himself on a mandolin. Little Buttercup seated on quarter deck, gazing sentimentally at him.

## SONG.—CAPTAIN.

Zu, du, du gute mond  
Will ich 'n solo singa.—  
Ich glaub ich geh nous Vest,  
Zu die incha und onra sotta dinga.

## SONG.—CAPTAIN.

Fair moon, to thee I sing,  
Bright regent of the heavens,  
Say, why is everything  
Either at sixes or at sevens? etc.

CAPT. Ah! Little Buttercup, still on board? That is not quite right, little one. It would have been more respectable to have gone on shore at dusk.)

BUT. True dear captain—but the recollection of your sad, pale face, seemed to chain me to the ship. I would fain see you smile before I go.

CAPT. Ah! Little Buttercup, I fear it will be long before I recover my accustomed cheerfulness, for misfortunes crowd upon me, and all my old friends seem to have turned against me.

BUT. Oh, no; do not say "all," dear captain. That were unjust to one, at least.

CAPT. True, for you are staunch to me. (Aside.) If ever I give my heart again, methinks it would be to such an one as this! (Aloud.) I am touched to the heart by your innocent regard for me, and were we differently situated, I think I could have returned it. But, as it is, I fear I can never be more to you than a friend.

BUT. (Change of manner.) I understand! You hold aloof from me because you are rich and lofty, and I poor and lowly. But take care! The poor bumboat woman has gypsy blood in her veins, and she can read destinies. There is a change in store for you.

CAPT. A change?

BUT. Aye, be prepared.

## DUET.—LITTLE BUTTERCUP AND CAPTAIN.

BUT.—Mein freund,—  
Sache sinn net alfort grawt wie sie guken,  
Dik millich gukt wie rohm aber ess iss net;  
Und shay g'blackda shtuywel guken wie patent-leather, aber sie sinn aw net;  
Und'n mika-wara kann po-hawna federa drawga.

CAPT. (puzzled.) Very true,  
So they do.

BUT. Alle trup shoaf huts shwazza dabei  
Alles was glaenzed iss net brass,  
Der shoensht kerl im class kann shmaert oss'n bluk sei,  
Und s'iss net alford d' gresht grut oss ess weidsht jumpa kann.

CAPT. Ich glaub ess wohl  
Alle mohl.

BUT. Drops the wind and stops the mill;  
Turbot is ambitious brill,  
Gild the farthing if you will,  
But it is a farthing still.

CAPT. (Puzzled.) Yes I know  
That is so.

CAPT. Though to catch your drift I'm striving,  
It is shady; it is shady;  
I don't see at what you're driving.  
Mystic lady, mystic lady.

CAPT. Ick denk dahinter steht wass shrecklich,  
Ueberaus, und ganz unglücklich;  
Doch ich glaub sie schnitzled hesslich.—  
S'iss nicht waar,

BUT. Ess ist waar.

CAPT. Well:—  
Ich haiss mich net so ueberaus g'scheit,  
Aber so kennt ich shwetza sum now bis naksht Grishdawg:—  
Ess war mohl 'n katz hut die gichdera kotta.  
Wo's fier hut, hut's aw shmoke.

BUT. Frequentlee  
I agree.

CAPT. M'r kann oft guka was m'r net gern sawga det,  
Ess liderlich kind set's briggle shpeera,  
'N tayleffle molossich iss besser oss gaw ken zucker im koffe.  
Der geitzich hund shloast ols noch im geils-droag.

BUT. Ich glaub ess wohl  
Alle mohl.

## DUET.—LITTLE BUTTERCUP AND CAPTAIN

BUT. Things are seldom what they seem,  
Skim milk masquerades as cream;  
Highlows pass as patent leathers,  
Jackdaws strut in peacock's feathers.

CAPT. (Puzzled.) Very true  
So they do.

BUT. Black sheep dwell in every fold,  
All that glitters is not gold;  
Storks turn out to be but logs,  
Bulls are but inflated frogs.

CAPT. (Puzzled.) So they be,  
Frequentlee.

BUT. Drops the wind and stops the mill;  
Turbot is ambitious brill,  
Gild the farthing if you will,  
But it is a farthing still.

CAPT. Yes I know  
That is so.

CAPT. Though to catch your drift I'm striving,  
It is shady; it is shady;  
I don't see at what you're driving.  
Mystic lady, mystic lady.

BUT. (Aside.) Stern convictions o'er him stealing,  
That the mystic lady's dealing  
In oracular revealing,

BOTH. Yes; I know  
That is so.

CAPT. Though I'm anything but clever,  
I could talk like that forever;  
Once a cat was killed by care.  
Only brave deserve the fair.

BUT. Very true  
So they do.

CAPT. Wink is often good as nod;  
Spoils the child who spares the rod;  
Thirsty lambs run foxy dangers.  
Dogs are found in many mangers.

BUT. Frequentlee  
I agree.

CAPT. Paw of cat the chestnut snatches,  
Worn out garments show new patches,  
Only count the chick that hatches;  
Men are grown up catchy catchies,

BUT. Yes; I know  
That is so.

(Aside.) Though to catch my drift he's striving,  
I'll dissemble—I'll dissemble;  
When he sees at what I'm driving,  
Let him tremble—let him tremble!

CAPT. Ich denk dahinter shtet was schrecklich,  
Ueberaus und ganz unglücklich;  
Doch ich glaub sie schnitzled hesslich.

Ess iss waar,  
Ganz und gar.

Doch ich glaub sie schnitzled hesslich  
Wass sie sawgt iss ungewisslich.  
Ihr gedanken sinn unmesslich.

Ess iss waar.

BUT. 'S'iss nicht waar.

BUT.

Though a mystic tone I borrow,  
He will learn the truth with sorrow.  
Yes; I know  
That is so.

(At the end exit Little Buttercup melodramatically.)

CAPT. Incomprehensible as her utterances are, I nevertheless feel that they are dictated by sincere regard for me. But to what new misery is she referring? Time alone can tell!

Enter Sir Joseph.

SIR JO. Captain Korkoran, I was very moch disappointed mit your daughter. I dont dink she vil! do.

CAPT. She won't do, Sir Joseph?

SIR JO. Dot vos it. Der fact vos, dot although I have urge my suit mit as much eloquence as vos inconsistent for an official utterance, I dont vos successful. How you make dot oud.

CAPT. Really, Sir Joseph, I hardly know. Josephine is of course sensible of your condescension.

SIR JO. Yaw, dot vos drue.

CAPT. But perhaps your exalted rank dazzles her.

SIR JO. You dink it vould?

CAPT. I can hardly say; but she is a modest girl; and her social position is far below your own. It may be that she feels she is not worthy of you.

SIR JO. Dot vos really a very sensible suggestion und displays more knowledge of human nature as I had given you credit for.

CAPT. See, she comes. If your lordship would kindly reason with her, and assure her officially that it is a standing rule at the Admiralty that love levels all ranks, her respect for an official utterance might influence her to look upon your offer in its proper light.

SIR JO. Dot vos not unlikely. I vill took your suggestion.—But hush! I hear footsteps.

Enter Josephine. Sir Jo. and Cap. retire up and watch her.

#### SCENE.—JOSEPHINE.

The hours creep on apace,  
My guilty heart is quaking!  
Oh, that I might retrace  
The step that I am taking.  
It's folly if were easy to be showing.  
What I am giving up and whither going.

On the one hand papa's luxurious home,  
Hung with ancestral armor and old brasses.  
Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome,  
Rare "blue and white" Venetian finger glasses.  
Rich oriental rugs, luxurious sofa pillows,  
And everything that isn't old, from Gillows.

And on the other, a dark, dingy room,  
In some back street with stuffy children crying,  
Where organs yell, and clacking housewives fume,  
And clothes are hanging out all day a-drying.  
With one cracked looking glass to see your face in,  
And dinner served up in a pudding basin!

A simple sailor, lowly born,  
Unlettered and unknown,  
Who toils for bread from early morn  
Till half the night has flown!  
No golden rank can he impart—  
No wealth of house or land—  
No fortune save his trusty heart  
And honest brawn right hand!  
And yet he is so wondrous fair  
That love for one so passing rare,  
So peerless in his manly beauty,  
Were little else than solemn duty!  
Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say'  
Which of you twain shall my poor heart obey?

SIR JO. (coming down.) Josefine, it has been represented to me dot you was excited by my exalted rank. I would like to told you officially dot off your hesitation vos attributed to dat circumstances it vos uncalled for.

JOS. Oh! then your lordship is of opinion that married happiness is NOT inconsistent with discrepancy in rank?

SIR JO. I vos officially mit dot opinion.

JOS. That the high and lowly may be truly happy together, provided that they truly love one another?

SIR JO. Josefine, I would like to told you OFFICIALLY—dot vos it.

JOS. I thank you, Sir Joseph. I DID hesitate, but I will hesitate no longer. (Aside.) He little thinks how eloquently he has pleaded his rival's cause.

(CAPTAIN has entered, during this speech he comes down.)

TRIO.—FIRST LORD, CAPTAIN, and JOSEPHINE.

JOS. Never mind the why and wherefore.  
Love can level ranks and therefore  
I admit its jurisdiction!  
Ably have you played your part;  
You have carried firm conviction  
To my hesitating heart.

CAPT. AND SIR JO. Laszt die glocken jubeltoenen,  
Reisst die lust mit lust-gesang,  
Unser Cap. sei lieblich tochd'r  
Hangt sich zu'n kaynich an.

CAPT. JOS. SIR JO. Unser Cap. sei shoene tochd'r,  
Unser Cap. sei lieblich tochd'r.  
Und 'n kaynich sum der wasser.  
Und 'n sailor auf der wasser.

ALL. Laszt die glocken jubeltoenen,  
Reisst die lust, etc.

CAPT. AND SIR JOSEPH Ring the merry bells on board ship,  
Rend the air with warbling wild.  
For the union of {my} {his} lordship.  
With a humble captain's child!

CAPT. JOS. SIR JOSEPH. And a lord who rules the water—  
Jos. And a TAR who ploughs the water.  
ALL. Let the air with joy be laden,  
Rend with songs the air above,  
For the union of a maiden  
With the man who owns her love!

CAPT. Never mind the why and wherefore,  
Love can level ranks, and therefore,  
Though his lordship's station's mighty,  
Though stupendous be his brain.  
Though your tastes are mean and flighty  
And your fortune poor and plain.

CAPT. AND SIR JO. Laszt die glocken jubeltoenen,  
Reisst die lust, etc.

SIR JO. Frag uns net f'r explanation,  
Sei zufrida wann mir sawgen  
Das ess kann ken dif'rence mache  
Eb du gelt husht oder net,—  
Ess kennt mich net besser please  
Wann der Dawdy milliona het.

CAPT. AND SIR JO. Laszt die glocken jubeltoenen,  
Reisst die lust mit lust-gesang,  
Unser Cap. sei lieblich tochd'r,  
Hangt sich zu'n kaynich an.

CAPT. JOS. SIR JO. Unser Cap. sei shoene tochd'r.  
Unser Cap. sei lieblich tochd'r.  
Und 'n kaynich sum der wasser.  
Und 'n sailor auf der wasser.

ALL. Laszt die glocken jubeltoenen,  
Reisst die lust, etc.

CAPT. AND SIR JO. Ring the merry bells on board ship,  
Rend the air with warbling wild.  
SIR JO. Never mind the why and wherefore.  
Love can level ranks, and therefore,  
Though your nautical relation (alluding to  
Cap.)  
In any set could scarcely pass.  
Though you occupy a station  
In the lower middle class.

CAPT. AND SIR JO. Ring the merry bells on board ship,  
Rend the air with warbling wild,  
For the union of {my} {his} lordship  
With a humble captain's child!  
FIRST LORD. For a humble captain's daughter,  
Jos. (Aside.) For a gallant captain's daughter,  
CAPT. And a Lord who rules the water.  
Jos. (Aside.) And a TAR that ploughs the water!  
ALL. Let the air with joy be laden,  
Fill with songs the air above,  
For the union of a maiden  
With the man who owns her love.  
(Exit Jos.)

CAPT. Sir Joseph, I cannot express to you my delight at the happy result of your eloquence. Your argument was unanswerable.

SIR JO. Captain Korkoran, dot vos one of ter habbiest karackteristics of dis habby guntry, dot official utterances could invariably be regarded as unanswerable  
(Exit Sir J.)

CAPT. At last my fond hopes are to be crowned. My only daughter is to be the bride of a cabinet minister. The prospect is Elysian. (During this speech Dick Deadeye has entered.)

DICK. Captain!

CAPT. Deadeye! You here? Don't! (Recoiling from him.)

DICK. Ah, don't shrink from me, captain! I'm unpleasant to look at, and my name's again me, but I ain't so bad as I seem.

CAPT. What would you with me?

DICK. (Mysteriously.) I'm come to give you warning.

CAPT. Indeed! Do you propose to leave the navy then?

DICK. No, no; you misunderstand me; listen!

## DUET.—“THE MERRY MAIDEN AND THE TAR.”

DICK. Gude Cap, ich det dir gern mohl eppes sawga,  
Singt hey tra la, gude Captain oss du bisht,  
Doch 's iss mir bang es wird dir wennig plaga.  
Singt hey tra la, gude Captain oss du bisht.  
Tra la mei guda Captain.—

CAPT. Tra la du narish sailor.  
BOTH Singt hey tra la des maedchen und ihr sailor kerl.

CAPT. Mei mann du shwetsht in riddles oss ich net fershtay.  
Tra la, du narish sailor oss du bisht,  
Ich kann ken ofang sehne zu di shitory shay,  
Tra la du narish sailor oss du bisht.

DICK. Gude Cap. di glaene tochd'r hut 'n plawn gesetzt.  
Tra la mei guda Captain oss du bisht,  
Auf diese nacht mit Ralf zu heiawden yetzt.  
Tra la mei guda Captain oss du bisht—  
Tra la mei guda Captain.—

CAPT. Tra la du g'scheita sailor,  
BOTH Singt hey tra la das maedchen und ihr sailor kerl.

CAPT. Mei guda mann du husht mir grawt in zeit gesawgt,  
Tra la, du g'scheita sailor oss du bisht.  
Ich mehn der hochzig werd in double-quick vertawgt.

Tra la, du g'scheita sailor oss du bisht.

CAPT. Dick Deadeye, I thank you for your warning. I will at once take means to arrest their flight. This boat cloak will afford me ample disguise. So! (Envelopes himself in a mysterious cloak, holding it before his face.)

DICK. Aha! sie sinn g'fixed! sie sinn g'fixed! (Ha, ha! They are foiled—foiled—foiled!) (Enter crew on tiptoe, with Ralph and Boatswain, meeting Josephine, who enters from cabin on tiptoe with bundle of necessaries, and accompanied by Little Buttercup. The captain, shrouded in his boat cloak, takes the stage, unnoticed.)

## ENSEMBLE.

Carefully on tiptoe stealing,  
Breathing gently as we may,  
Every step with caution feeling,  
We will softly steal away.

ALL. (Captain stamps.) Wass der dausig—  
War dann dass?  
DICK. Sei'n doch shtill,  
Ess war die katz!  
ALL. (reassured.) Ess war—ess war die katz!  
CAPT. Sie hen recht, es war die katz!

(CAPTAIN stamps.—Chord.)  
ALL. (Much alarmed.) Goodness me—  
Why, what was that?  
DICK. Silent be,  
It was the cat!  
ALL. (reassured.) It was—it was the cat!  
CAPT. (Producing cat-o'-nine-tails.)  
They're right it was the cat.

Pull ashore, in fashion steady,  
Hymen will defray the fare.  
For a clergyman is ready  
To unite the happy pair.

(Stamps as before, and chord.)

ALL. Wass der dausig—war shon wieder dass?  
DICK. Sei'n doch shtill, ess war die katz!  
ALL. Shon wieder war's die katz!  
CAPT. Sie hen recht—es war die katz.  
CAPT. (throwing off cloak. (Hullup! (all start.)  
Shoen tochd'r sum mei'm  
Sei so gude mir zu sawga,  
Wohie oss du geh wit  
Mit die sailors sum mei'n.  
Sinn first ratea kerls und kennetu  
Anich ebba dresha.  
Doch sinn sie net gude company  
Mei tochd'r fuer dich.

MEN. Now horrich yusht an sell,  
M'r kennen anich ebba dresha.  
Doch sinn mir net gude company  
Mei lady, fur dich.

DICK. Kind captain, I've important information,  
Sing hey, the kind commander that you are.  
About a certain intimate relation,  
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

BOTH The merry, merry maiden and the tar.

CAPT. Good fellow, in conundrums you are speaking.  
Sing hey, the mystic sailor that you are.  
The answer to them vainly I am seeking?  
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.  
The merry, merry maiden and the tar.

DICK. Kind captain, your young lady is a sighing,  
Sing hey, the simple captain that you are,  
This very night with Rackstraw to be flying;  
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.  
The merry, merry maiden and the tar.

CAPT. Good fellow, you've given timely warning,  
Sing hey, the thoughtful sailor that you are.  
I'll talk to master Rackstraw in the morning;  
Sing hey, the cat-o'-nine-tails and the tar!  
(producing a “cat.”)

BOTH The merry cat-o'-nine tails and the tar!

CAPT. Dick Deadeye, I thank you for your warning. I will at once take means to arrest their flight. This boat cloak will afford me ample disguise. So! (Envelopes himself in a mysterious cloak, holding it before his face.)

DICK. Aha! sie sinn g'fixed! sie sinn g'fixed! (Ha, ha! They are foiled—foiled—foiled!) (Enter crew on tiptoe, with Ralph and Boatswain, meeting Josephine, who enters from cabin on tiptoe with bundle of necessaries, and accompanied by Little Buttercup. The captain, shrouded in his boat cloak, takes the stage, unnoticed.)

ALL. Goodness me,  
Why, what was that?  
DICK. Silent be,  
Again the cat!  
ALL. (reassured.) They're right—it was the cat!  
CAPT. (Producing cat-o'-nine-tails.)  
They're right it was the cat.

Pull ashore, in fashion steady,  
Hymen will defray the fare.  
For a clergyman is ready  
To unite the happy pair.

(Stamps as before, and chord.)

ALL. Goodness me,  
Why, what was that?  
DICK. Silent be,  
Again the cat!  
CAPT. (Aside.) They're right—it was the cat!  
CAPT. (Throwing off cloak.) Hold? (All start.)  
Pretty daughter of mine,  
I insist upon knowing  
Where you may be going  
With these sons of the brine;  
For my excellent crew.  
Though foes they could thump any  
Are scarcely fit company.  
My daughter for you.

CREW. Now hark at that, do!  
Though foes we could thump any.  
We are scarcely fit company  
For a lady like you!

RALPH. Proud officer, that haughty lip uncurl!  
 Vain man, suppress that supercilious sneer,  
 For I have dared to love your matchless girl—  
 A fact well known to all my messmates here!

CAPT. Oh, horror!

RALPH AND JOS. I (he) humble, poor and lowly born.

The meanest in the port division—

The butt of epauletted scorn—  
 The mark of quarter-deck derision—  
 Have (has) dared to raise my (his) wormy eyes,  
 Above the dust to which you'd mould me (him.)

In manhood's glorious pride to rise.

I am (he is) an Englishman.

CHORUS. Guk 'n mohl ow!

Er iss 'n Englisher,

BOATSWAIN. Oss er 'iss 'n Englisher!

Und er hut's yow selvet g'sawt.

CHORUS. Oss er iss 'n Englisher,

BOATSWAIN. Als er het 'n Deutscher sei kenna,

'N Franzosze oder Italianer,

Oder ferleicht 'n Irisher,

Doch er hut gaw net gedu.

Sie er stickt sei Englond zu.

Und er bleibta 'n Englisher,

Yaw er bleibt 'n Englisher.

ALL. Behold him!

BOAT. He is an Englishman!

He is an Englishman!

For he himself has said it,

And it is greatly to his credit.

That he's an Englishman!

ALL. That he's an Englishman!

BOAT. For he might have been a Roosian

A French or Turk or Proosian,

Or perhaps Itali-an

ALL. Or perhaps Italian!

BOAT. But in spite of all temptations,

To belong to other nations,

He remains an Englishman!

CAPT. (trying to repress his anger.)

In uttering a reprobation

To any British tar.

I try to speak with moderation,

But you have gone too far,

I'm sorry to disparrage

A humble foremast lad,

But to seek your captain's child in marriage,

Fadullzei's s'iss zu awrig! (Why, damme, it's too bad!)

ALL. (shocked.) Oh!

CAPT. Yaw fadultzei s'iss zu awrig. (Yes, damme, it's too bad!)

ALL. Oh!

CAPT. AND DICK. Yaw, fadultzei's s'iss zu awrig. (Yes, damme, it's too bad!)

During this Sir Joseph has appeared on deck. He is horrified at the bad language.

Sir Jo. (who has come down):

My pain und my distress.

I found it was not easy to oexpress.

My amazement, my surprise

You may found out by looking on my eyes.

CAPT. My lord, one word; the facts are not before you.

The word was injudicious I avow!

But hear my explanation, I implore you,

And you will be indignant, I avow!

SIR JO. I vill hear of no defence.

Attempt none, vos you sensible.

Dot vord of evil sense.

Vos wholly indefensible.

Go, ribald, got yu hence

To your kaeben mit celerity.

Dis vos der gonsense

Of ill-advised asperity!

(Exit Captain, disgraced, followed by Josephine.

SIR JO. Now, you told me how it vos dot your Captain swear at you. It vasn't your fault, vos it?

RALPH. Please your honor it was thus wise. You see I was only a topman—a mere foremast hand—

SIR JO. Don't be ashamed of dot. Your position as topman vos a very exalted one.

RALPH. Well, your honor, love burns as brightly in the fokslé as it does on the quarter deck, and Josephine is the fairest bud that ever blossomed upon the tree of a poor fellow's wildest hopes. Enter Josephine; she rushes to Ralph's arms. Sir Jo. (horrified.) She's the figure-head of my ship of life; the bright beacon which guides me into my port of happiness!

ALL. Ah-h-h-h!

SIR JO. Insolent sailor, you shall repent dis outrage. Seize him! (The marine seizes him and handcuffs him!)

JOS. Oh, Sir Joseph spare him, for I love him tenderly.

SIR JO. Got oud!—I teach dot presumptuous mariner to discipline his affectiørs. Haf you got such a ding as a penitentiary on board?

OMNES. (lugubriously,) Um-m-m.—Yaw.

SIR JO. So-o-o! Vell, you tie a chain on him und take him righd avay pooty qwick oud.

## OCTETTE.

RALPH. Farwohl, mei schatz.  
Licht fum mei herz—good-by!  
Sober bin ich, doch muss ich  
Ins lack-up nei.

JOS. Ess wird net lang.  
Bis morreya husht du bail.  
Dann kannsht du kumma  
Frei fum des dunkle jail.

SIR JO. Ess kum't zu ihn  
Ken kingle dass telephone bell.  
Fasht an'n ket, so nehm ihm.  
In's dunkle cell.

CHORUS. Ess kum't zu ihn  
Ken kingle dass telephone bell,  
Fasht an'n ket, so geht er  
Noch's dunkle cell.

BUT. (Mysteriously.) But when is known  
The secret I have to tell,  
Wide will be thrown  
The door of his dungeon cell.

OCTETTE. Farwohl, sei schatz, etc.  
(At the end Ralph is led off in custody.)

SIR JO. My pain und my distress I found it was not easy again to express. My amazement, my surprise, you may found out by looking on my eyes. Josephine, I would like to told you officially dot I vos hurt. You! a daughter of a Captain in der Royal Navy—

BUT. (Advancing.) Hullup! Ich hab eppes zu sell zu sawga. Hold; I have something to say to that  
ALL. Du! (You!)

BUT. Yaw. ich! (Yes, I!) (Authoratively.) Ralph, Kumm haer. (Ralph comes forward and kneels on her left. (Captain, do rous mit dir. (Captain comes from Cabin and kneels on her right. Jo, mach die awga zu. (Jo. obediently shuts his eyes. Marine brings tray to Buttercup and transformation begins.)

## SONG AND CHORUS.—BUTTERCUP.

BUT. 'Bout fertzich yahr zurick—  
Und s'iss aw net geluga—  
Wie ich noch yung und shay war,  
Hab bavies uff getzuga.

A many years ago,  
When I was young and charming.  
As some of you may know,  
I practiced baby farming.

ALL. Now this is most alarming,  
When she was young and charming.  
She practiced baby farming.  
A many years ago.

BUT. Zwar mir 'mohl gebracht,  
Der ain'd war wiesht und orrum:  
Der onner reich und shmart—  
'N rechter hoch geborner.

Two tender babes I nursed,  
One was of low condition.  
The other upper crust,  
A regular patrician.

ALL. (Explaining to each other.)  
Now this is the position:  
One was of low condition,  
The other a patrician.  
A many years ago.

BUT. O, schwer iss meiner kreuz,  
Wie hab ich's dann du kenner?  
Ich hab sie uff gemixt—  
Die orrum glaener kinner.

Oh, bitter is my cup!  
However could I do it?  
I mixed those children up,  
And not a creature knew it.

ALL. How could you do it?  
Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it.  
Although no creature knew it.  
So many years ago.

BUT. Dann kumt a mohl 'n zeit,  
Die bavies mich verlossen.  
Der wieshter war der Cap.  
Der onner Ralph ihr cousin.

In time each little waif  
Forsook his foster mother;  
The well born babe was Ralph,  
Your captain was the other—

ALL. They left their foster mother.  
The one was Ralph our brother  
Our captain was the other,  
A many years ago.

(Transformation takes place during this song, and at the end Ralph rises as Captain, and Captain as Ralph, Sir Jo. opens his eyes, closes his mouth and says.)

SIR JO. Hm—m—m! Now dot vos a very singular circumstances, pointing to Cap.) Sawg sella Kerl set mohl do rous kumma.

RALPH. (as Capt.) Sawg, du grummassicher; feesel dei foulle karper do funna.

CAPT. Was husht g'sawt?

RALPH. Wie mensht? Ich glaub ich vershteh dich net.

CAPT. Wann ich so gute sei will.

## OCTETTE.

Farewell, my own!  
Light of my life, farewell!  
For crime unknown  
I go to a dungeon cell.  
I will atone—  
In the meantime farewell!  
And all alone  
Rejoice in your dungeon cell!  
A bone, a bone!  
I'll pick with this sailor fell:  
Let him be shown  
At once to his dungeon cell.  
He'll hear no tone  
Of the maiden he love so well:  
No telephone  
Communicates with his cell!

SIR JO.

Chorus.

SIR JO. Er hut recht! "Wann er so gude sei will."

RALPH. Why certainly. Wann du so gude sei wid.

(Captain steps forward.)

SIR JO. (to Captain.) Du bisht 'n firs trate-a kerl, gella? (You are an extremely fine fellow.)

CAPT. Fallus dich d'ruf. (Yes, your honor.)

SIR JO. So it seems dot you vos Ralph and Ralph vos you.

CAPT. So it seems your honor.

SIR JO. Vell I need not told you dot on top of dis I don't marry Josefine.

CAPT. Don't say dot your honor; love levels all ranks

SIR JO. Yes, he do poaty much, but he don't lefel 'm gvite so much as all dot. (Hands Josephine over to Ralph and calls Hebe to himself.)

#### QUARTETTE.

Oh, joy, oh, rapture unforseen,  
The clouded sky is now serene!  
The god of day, the orb of love,  
Has hung his ensign high above.

The sky is all ablaze!  
With wooing words and loving song  
We'll chase the lagging hours along.  
And if he finds (I find) the maiden coy  
We'll murmur forth decorous joy

In dreamy roundelay.

CAPT. For he is the captain of the "Pinafore."

ALL. Und 'n nummer ains Cap. bisht du. (And a right good captain too!)

CAPT. And though before my fall,  
I was captain of you all,

I'm a member of the crew

ALL. Although before his fall, etc.

CAPT. I shall marry with a wife.  
In my humble rank of life!

(Turning to Buttercup.)

And you, my own are she—

I must wander to and fro.

But wherever I may go.

I shall never be untrue to thee!

SAILORS. Was gaw net? (What never?)

CAPT. Nay gaw net? (No never!)

SAILORS. Wass, GAR NET? (What NEVER?)

CAPT. Well, ols a mohl. (Hardly ever!)

ALL. Hardly ever be untrue to thee  
Then give three cheers and one cheer  
more

For the faithful seaman of the "Pina-  
fore,"

BUT. Doch gleicht er sei Buttercup, orrum glay But-  
tercup.

Und ich waiss gaw net warrum:  
Doch gleicht er sei Buttercup, shay glaene  
Buttercup,

Zu dei glay Buttercup kum.

CHO. Doch gleicht er sei Buttercup, orrum glay But-  
tercup,

Und mir wissen gar net warum.

Doch gleicht er sei Buttercup, orrum glay But-  
tercup,

Iss er now net hesslich dum.

SIR JO. Ich bin der kaynich sum der meer,

Und ven ich hiar dir (to Hebe.)

I vos true mit dot devotion vot my love im-

plants.

HEBE. Then good bye to his sisters, and his cousins and his aunts,  
Especially his cousins,  
Whom he reckons up by dozens,  
His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

CHO. Ols er iss 'n Englisher,

Und er hut's yo selvet g'sawt.

Yaw, er hut's yo selvet g'sawt,

Ols er iss'n Englisher.

BUT. For he loves Little Buttercup, dear Little But-  
tercup.

I'm sure I shall never know why.  
But still he loves Buttercup, poor Little But-  
tercup,

Sweet Little Buttercup, aye!

CHO. For he loves Little Buttercup, etc.

SIR. JO. I'm the monarch of the sea,

And when I've married thee (to Hebe.)

I will be true to my devotion that my love im-  
plants.

ALL. For he is an Englishman,  
And he himself has said it,  
And it's greatly to his credit  
That he is an Englishman!

CURTAIN.

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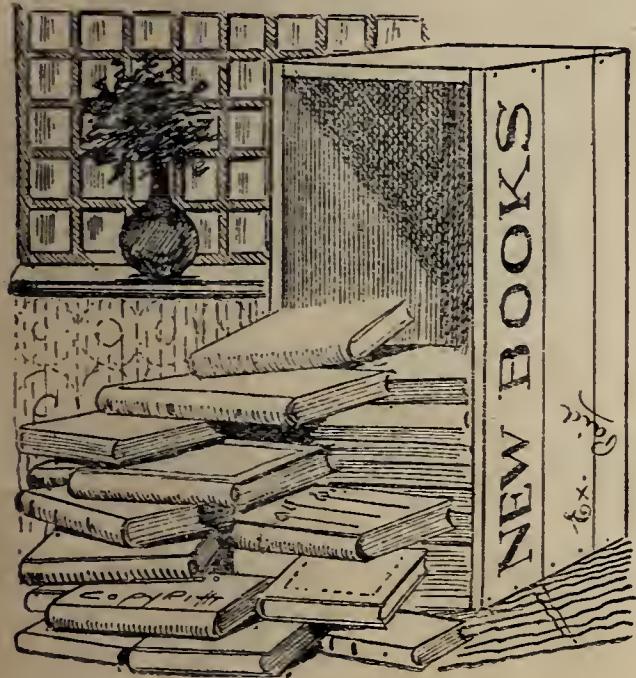
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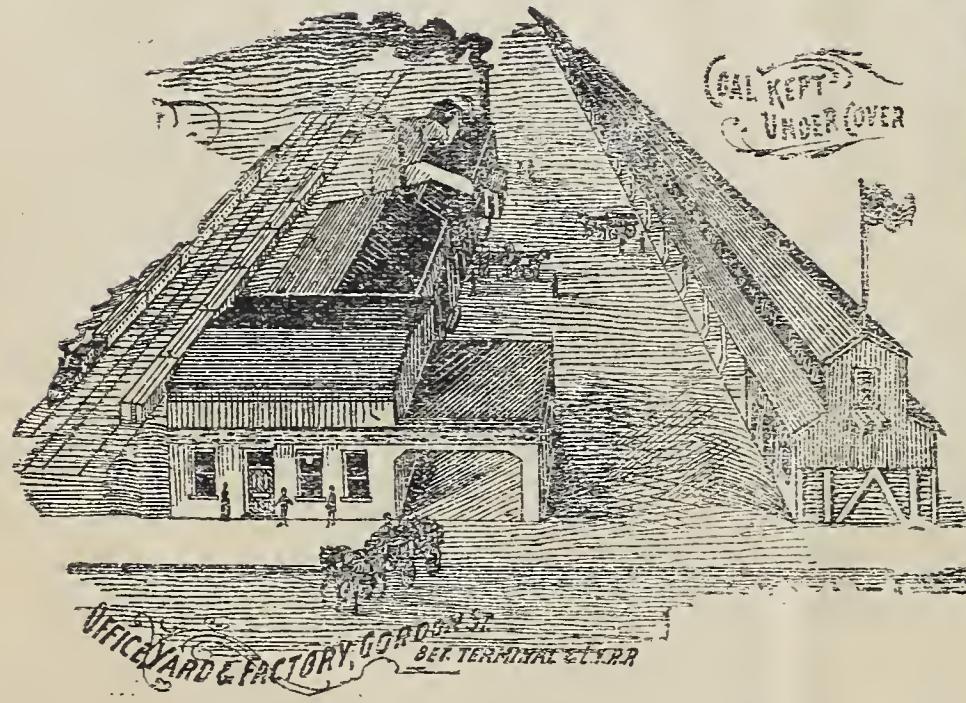
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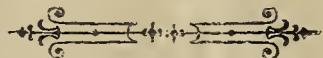
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